NEW DISCOVERIES IN AMERICA'S BURIED CITY.

EXPLORERS UNEARTH HUGE BUILDING IN CASA GRANDE, ARIZONA BUT RACE OF PEOPLE WHO BUILT IT IS STILL A MYSTERY.

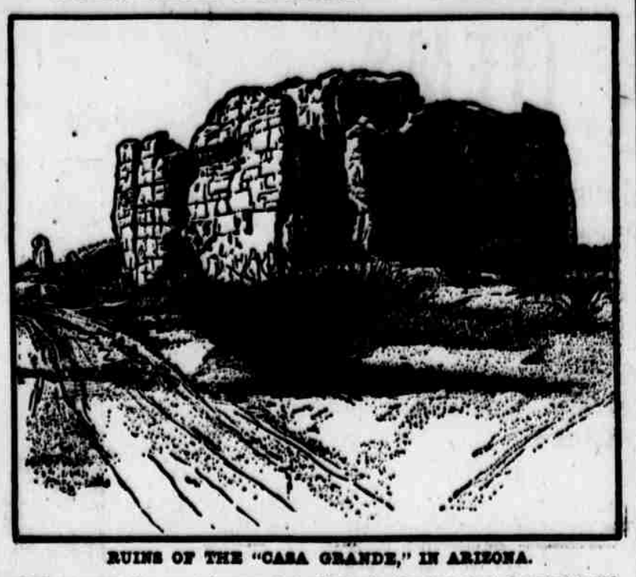
SCIENTISTS of the Smithsonian Institution are excavating, restoring and placing on exhibition down on the desert plains of Arizona the homes of a prehistoric people who lived there, are grouping those homes into villages and cities, and going still further and showing the lives of an empire of people who lived in these valleys centuries ago and irrigated them as they will again be irrigated when the government of to-day has completed their reclamation. An American Pompeii is destined to result from these restorations.

The restorations were begun at the old Casa Grande ruins, which have been a show place since white men first went to the Southwest. Of the hundreds of ruins that are scatered throughout the region, these were the best preserved. In the story of a vanishing race they had probably been the stronghold of some stubborn chief, whose people had held out for hundreds of years after their fellows had perished.

Great walls stood gaunt upon the barren plains when scientists first visited this section. They still stand, but little worn by the passing of two centuries, and form the basis of the thorough investigation that is now going on. The principal buildings in any given village occur in groups. In each of these groups there is one great central building which evidently must have been the seat of government and the residence of the ruler. Near it are the places of worship where the people evidently met to perform their ceremonies to their deities. There were immediately adjacent other houses of considerable size that were unquestionably the houses of members of the ruler's family or of other prominent personages of state. There was an adjacent open space evidently used as a playground and possibly as a parade ground for the drilling of soldiers. Certain it is that the open spaces also had something to do with the ceremonies of the people, for they were always toward the rising sun from the houses of worship, and these people paid homage to the sun.

Then, finally, around this group ran a great wall that shut it in, gave it protection from intruding rivals in time of war and privacy from the rabble in times of peace. Within this wall was all that pertained to the affairs of the ruling families. Outside of it were built the homes of the common people, some of them sufficiently large to leave a mark on the plain.

The Casa Grande ruin attracted first attention when restoration was considered, because it was the best perserved of all the ruins. It stood on a mound, as do all the important ruins. The presence of these mounds as the site of ruins is partly due to the fact that high places are chosen on which to erect the great houses, but chiefly to the fact that deserted buildings catch the drifting sands of the desert and great, falling walls of adobe add material bulk to the mound. Then there was the practice of building one house on the ruins of its fallen predecessor, and so each generation of ruins added height to the mound that now remains.



RUINS OF THE "CASA GRANDE," IN ARIZONA.

The Casa Grande itself was a four-story building composed of terraces. It is not positively known that the first story was ever occupied, for it appears that the walls for it were built up and then filled with earth and thus used as a foundation for the stories above. The first story or foundation was of the same height as the surrounding heavy wall. Each story above it was smaller than the one below, giving the whole the appearance of a terraced pyramid.

The manner of getting from one story, or terrace, to the one above was by means of ladders on the outside. The first terrace ran around each story and formed a promenade, or lookout, as lounging place, as the occasion required. The ground plan of this main building shows five spacious rooms. It was probably a building of twenty rooms in its prime, which is no small structure for any civilization of the date in which it was erected.

All of the buildings of the different groups are similar in construction and in material used. All are built of the earth of the surrounding country, and are not dissimilar to the adobe houses that the Mexicans of the same region are building to-day. They were roofed with dirt supported by rafters covered with layers of the arrow weed from the river bottoms that are to-day used in the building of the shacks of the Pimas, who live in the vicinity. While the Casa Grande ruin is in itself of the greatest interest of them all because it is the best perserved, it is in no way a remnant of a greater civilization than hundreds of others in the Gila and Salt River valleys.

THE WOMEN OF JAPAN.

Essentially Home-Lovers, with Little Time for Society.

In observing the woman in Japanese society it must be borne in mind that what appears on the surface is mostly the reverse of actual conditions, writes J. Russell Kennedy. A correct estimate of the social relationship of man and woman in Japan cannot be formed without a careful study of home life, which to an alien is very hard to understand, or even to see.

Reports sent abroad by foreign observers have mostly been founded on what could be seen and judged according to our standards. For instance, when a husband and wife are seen walking on the streets the latter is almost always the parcel bearer and the husband goes free-handed, generally a few steps ahead of his wife, as if she were his servant. Again, in going into a house or room, it is the husband who enters first and the wife follows him.

TYPICAL JAP WOMAN.

The seat of honor is always occupied by the gentleman. The Westerner is apt to infer, therefore, that women in Japan are not duly respected, and are under the iron hand of man. Nothing could be further from the truth.

There are exceptions, of course, but the Japanese woman is so educated that the less she can show of her influence over her husband the better for that influence and for her own standing. The model type of woman is she who exerts her influence by "the mute eloquence of duties well performed." Women there are who would be just as outspoken and demonstrative of their influence over men as their kinsfolk of the West, but such in Japan belong only to the lower classes. The higher the station of life the more humble and modest will be the demeanor of the woman. The mannish woman receives just as much contempt as the effeminate man. The subdued appearance the Japanese wife generally presents to an outsider is no reflection of the treatment she is receiving at the hand of her husband. On the contrary, the more womanly a wife appears, the greater the amount of influence she exerts over her husband and also of respect she commands from him.

In most cases the woman is the soul of the household. She is held responsible for the health and education of the children, not only before they are old enough to attend the school, but even afterward. But the living moral power and sentiment are principally the fruit of the mother's daily effort.

The housewife in Japan, say with two or three children, has very little time for society. In fact, society life, as it is understood in Europe and America, has no existence in real Japan. The sense of responsibility the wife feels for the welfare of her husband and children is too great to allow of personal pleasure to the exclusion of duty. The wife so inclined is sure to become a subject of remark by her neighbors.

TO MARY IN HEAVEN

BY ROBERT BURNS

ROBERT BURNS.

Thou lingering star, with less'ning ray
That lov'st to greet the early morn,
Again thou usher'st in the day
My Mary from my soul was torn.
O Mary! dear departed shade!
Where is thy place of blissful rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

That sacred hour can I forget,
Can I forget the hallow'd grove,
Where by the winding Ayr we met,
To live one day of parting love?
Eternity will not efface
Those records dear of transports past;
Thy image at our last embrace;
Ah! little thought we 'twas our last!

Ayr gurgling kiss'd his pebbled shore,
O'erhung with wild woods, thick'ning green;
The fragrant birch, and hawthorn hoar,
Twin'd am'rous round the raptur'd scene,
The flowers sprang wanton to be prest,
The birds sang love on ev'ry spray,
Till too, too soon, the glowing West
Proclaimed the speed of winged day.

Still o'er these scenes my mem'ry wakes,
And fondly broods with miser care!
Time but the impression deeper makes,
As streams their channels deeper wear.
My Mary, dear departed shade!
Where is thy blissful place of rest?
See'st thou thy lover lowly laid?
Hear'st thou the groans that rend his breast?

SISTER, JOHNSON'S DEFENDER.

The Early Home Life of the New World's Champion.

The mother of Champion Jack Johnson has been a resident of Galveston for forty years and is the mother of nine children, three of whom are boys. Her husband, who was an honest and respected negro, died a year ago. Mrs. Johnson heard the news of her son's victory the other night about midnight and she said it was not a surprise, for Jack had cabled her the day before that within another day he would be the world's champion and she knew that he was certain of victory, according to a New York dispatch from Galveston.

The old lady is a very intelligent darky and is highly respected. She says she is responsible for Jack being a fighter, although she had intended that he use his power only to defend his rights. She said Jack was a tall, slim boy until he was about 16 years old, when he began to take on flesh and develop his muscles. Up to the time he was 14 years of age he was a coward and wouldn't fight.

"He was eternally getting into trouble with his playmates," his mother said, "and he always got the worst of it. His sister was his chum and she had to defend him and do all his fighting. I had no time to be bothering settling the children's fights and I told Jack if he got licked again I would give him another whipping, because he was getting old enough to defend himself. Sure enough he got whipped by a smaller boy and I gave him a licking when he came home.

"But I never had reason to whip him again. He developed confidence and muscle and he was soon the champion of the east end and there were some tough boys in that neighborhood. He always said he would reach the top of the boxers' prize list.

"I am not so proud of his being a prizefighter, but I am proud that he stands at the head of his profession. He was no better nor worse than the average boy, but he is a good son and he provides well for me and for his sisters and brothers.

Johnson bought property in Galveston and California since entering upon his career and sends money home regularly.

Eleven years ago a local sporting club brought him out and the first professional he defeated was Tom Scanlon, who came from Hot Springs to fight him in 1898. Though Johnson was a Galvestonian the spectators were with the white man.

Horse Vacations.

Uncle Sam, generous in giving vacations to his two-legged servants, is hereafter to allow thirty days' leave to the Post Office Department horses in Washington, according to the Post of that city. The animals are to be sent, a few at a time, to a fine, rich pasture in Maryland.

"Every employe of the government," says the chief clerk in the Postoffice Department, "receives thirty days' annual vacation and thirty days' sick-leave, if necessary. I see no reason why the horses we use in the business of the department ought not to receive a rest, or a vacation, and hereafter I am going to send each of the horses away for a thirty days' period of rest. We can spare many of them in the summer, which is the time they will appreciate a rest from the hot asphalt and welcome the green grass of the country and the shade of the trees."

Getting Into Practice.

It is often pleasanter to theorize than to perform. A young law student, says a writer in the Philadelphia Inquirer, was making a study of certain processes of his future profession. He showed an inclination to sit in the house and speculate idly, instead of doing some of the domestic tasks which stood waiting.

"Deduction is an interesting process," declared the youth to his father. "For example, there is a heap of ashes in the yard. That is evidence that the family has recently had fires."

"Well, John," interposed his father, "suppose you pursue your studies a little farther by going out and sifting that evidence."

Most of the things people tell you are of no earthly benefit.

NEVER USED A TELEPHONE.

A London Judge's Somewhat Singular Claim to Fame.

The cable tells that a certain London judge boasts that he never has used a telephone. We forbear to give his name, because it is incomprehensible that such a stupid blockhead occupies even a subordinate place upon the London bench, the Brooklyn Eagle says. It is farthings to sovereigns that this Southwark judge eats with his knife and never has used a napkin at his meals. Indeed, in some of the high-priced London restaurants Englishmen are not served with napkins unless they especially order them. Then they are notified that they will be charged "tuppence extra" for the luxury! Most Americans are supplied with serviettes without inquiry, but the napkin is always charged in the bill.

Why should one marvel at the dull stupidity of a Southwark judge when there is not a telephone used in the Bank of England? Indeed, the number of telephones used in New York is almost double that installed in "dear ol' Lunnon, don't cher know." The fey anglomaniacs still permitted to live among us ought to affect the same sort of primitive customs. They ought only to shoot on St. Stephen's day and to install the Hocktide games of Hungerford. And, in view of the constant discords that are occupying so much space in the newspapers to the detriment of real news from all parts of the world, some one among them ought to revive the Dunmow Flitch, a pretty thought under which a flitch of bacon was bestowed upon each married couple that had contrived to live together for a year and a day after the wedding without a quarrel. Some broad-minded philanthropist who is shocked by the growling frequency of divorce should transplant this pretty custom to our land.

We already have the "guys" on Thanksgiving day. The "mummers," a diversion for aged mendicants, will doubtless appear upon our thoroughfares before many years. It is so delightful to imitate the customs of "that dear old England." They are "a droll people," those English! That's what the French say, and they understand their neighbors across the channel much better than we do.

Athletics in Public Schools.

The public schools are supported by the public. They exist for the purpose of giving free education to all boys and girls, and to fit them for the duties of citizenship. In pursuance of this end the stimulation of physical development is valuable as an accessory, but this must never be allowed to be regarded as the prime object of public school education. In private schools each institution may fairly decide the question of the importance of athletics as it chooses. Parents who do not approve of athletics have the privilege of sending their children to schools where athletics are not enacted—and there are some such. The question of athletics in the public schools, however, is quite a different matter. It appears to be the desire of the public, who support the schools and for whom they are conducted, that athletics shall have a place. But that place must be secondary to the main purpose of popular education.

A Prospective Shelter.

A well-known Senator was asked why some politicians were always making such a howl about the preservation of our forests. "Oh," he replied, "they probably never know just when they may have to take to the woods."—From Success Magazine.

There are lots of labor-saving devices, but there will never be enough to make the leader popular.

MOST TRAVELED WOMAN.

Who Has Been "On the Wing" Continuously for 27 Years.

Probably the most traveled woman in the world is Miss Celeste J. Miller, of Chicago. For twenty-seven years continuously she has been "on the wing" and here is a partial record of her most remarkable travel achievements:

Five times has she circled the globe completely, in addition to almost innumerable briefer European and Asiatic journeys that would seem long to a less traveled person.

She has visited every known country and capital in the world, with practically every group of islands, however remote, and this, whenever possible, before the ordinary "tourist route" has been worked out.

The first woman to traverse South America alone, she crossed the Andes twice on this trip, covered the entire region, and made original discoveries and explorations.

The first woman to go over the Trans-Siberian Railway, she traveled 500 miles in Manchuria in a mule palanquin, sleeping in Chinese hotels, visiting the great Chinese wall, etc.

Her first visit to Palestine and Syria was distinguished by a 500-mile ride on an Arab horse. During this journey she had no tent, passing her nights in native huts, with sheep herders and so on.

In Morocco she also traveled—500 miles—on muleback.

In Central America, Newfoundland, etc., she lived with and studied all manner of queer people such as the Cheli Indians, Nubia negroes and Eskimos, it being one of her unbreakable "travel rules" to hobnob with the different races met, and to stay in each country long enough really to learn somthing of its ways and inhabitants.

She has made the "Mediterranean trip" four times, "done" Egypt and the Nile twice, visited Turkey twice, and "run across" to the European continent so many times that she long since ceased to "keep track" of such comparatively insignificant jaunts.

She had been all over India, the East and West Indian Islands, Cuba, the Philippines, Corea and Hawaii long before it became usual to visit these places.

She has visited 10,000 mosques, temples and churches.

In addition to all this she knows intimately every portion of America, and even when "not traveling," according to her own understanding of the term, thinks nothing of flying off to California, Alaska, the south, anywhere that her active fancy takes her.

The further is remarkable because:

She always travels alone.

With the exception of a slight smattering of French and German, she has, literally, "no tongue but her own" to help her about strange countries.

She has realized her life ambition, though it has cost her, on an average, $10 per day for 27 years to do so.

She has never been sick a day, away from home, with the exception of occasional slight attacks of seasickness, though she has been through fifteen epidemics of the bubonic plague in India and China, visited the Indian burning ghats in places from which the American minister had fled in dismay.

Miss Miller enjoys traveling as much now as when she started and at present, having remained in America for some time, she is planning "the longest trip around the world" ever taken.

Bismarck's Wooing.

The wooing of the great German statesman, Bismarck, was characteristic of the forceful nature of the man. He first met the Fraulein von Puttkammer at a wedding, and was vanquished at first sight. Hardly waiting to remove his wedding garments, he sat down and wrote to her parents, demanding her hand in marriage. As Bismarck's reputation was not above reproach, Herr von Puttkammer's surprise was naturally not altogether pleasant. However, the bold suitor was invited to pay him a visit, and within a few hours Bismarck appeared. The object of his adoration and her parents were prepared to give him a formally polite welcome; but Bismarck's intentions were far more cordial, for he ignored utterly the extended hands of the parents, threw his arms around the daughter, and kissed her heartily. Before many minutes had elapsed the impetuous lover was formally betrothed.

Where They Came From.

Scattered as is the sunflower "tawny and bronze and gold" all over the prairies of the west as well as the fields of the eastern states, yet few people know that it originally came from Peru. Incidentally here are the birthplaces of other popular plants: Celery came from Germany; chestnut from Italy; onion from Egypt; tobacco from Virginia; nettle from Europe; citron from Greece; oats from North Africa; poppy from the east; rye from Siberia; parsley from Sardinia; pear and apple from Europe; spinach from Arabia; mulberry tree from Persia; walnuts from Persia; peaches from Persia; cucumber from East Indies; quince from Crete; radish from China and Japan; peas from Egypt; horseradish from southern Europe; horse chestnut from Tibet.

The Better Part.

A delightful little story is told of Prosper Merimee, the French author. He was once guest at a royal hunt, when hares, pheasants and other game were driven before the emperor and his followers, and the servants picked up the victims of the sport.

Among all the members of the hunting party, Prosper Merimee alone had no trophy to display.

"How does this happen?" asked some one.

"Where game is so plenty, the merit of a marksman seems to me to lie in hitting nothing," replied Merimee, with grave courtesy, "so I fired between the birds."

Everything comes back in time except the shawl.